

THE
BATTLE
OF
OUDENARDE.

A
POEM
IN
Two CANTO's.

*Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exiguiſ' facta compressa quiescent.*

JOHN MICH-



TO THE
HIGH and MIGHTY
PRINCESS
ANNE

O F

Great Britain, France, and Ireland,

QUEEN,
Defender of the Faith,

This POEM, Dedicated to the
Glory of GOD, and the Ho-
nor of the Confederate Arms,
is with all due Humility and
Respect tender'd and presented

By Your MAJESTIES most Faithful
and most Obedient Subject.



X
11

To the Right HONOURABLE
CHARLES
Ld Viscount Townshend
BARON of *LYN-REGIS*,
Lord Lieutenant of the County
of *Norfolk* and City of *Norwich*,
and One of Her Majesties most
Honourable Privy Council.

May it please Your LORDSHIP,

I Know not by what Fate it has happen'd, That this
our Age has produc'd more Great CAPTAINS
than Great POET'S, and that the GLORY of our
Victories Abroad are too often sullied by the impotent
Scribbling of our Writers at Home: Nor is it less ob-
servable, That whereas most of the Former, by out-living
their VICTORIES, have enjoy'd the Rewards of their La-
bours; most of the Latter, by being starv'd to Death,
have

have expir'd in the Bed of Honour. However, this does not deter Me from Presenting this Short POEM to Your Lordship; in which if Your Lordship can find any Thoughts that are New or Diverting, or can pardon the Freedom of the Satyr, equally directed against all Parties of Men in the Nation, so far as they are Obstructors of Christian-Love and Union, it will abundantly satisfie the utmost Ambition of him, who would be proud to be esteem'd the

Most Humble of

Your LORDSHIP's Servants.

THE

The PRINTER to the Reader.

Gentle READER,

I Have observ'd Four Things very hard to be found in these our Days, viz. a Panegyric without Flattery, a Satyr without Malice, a Prophecy without Enthusiasm, and a Poem without Obscenity or Profaness: How far this small Piece deserves that Character, I must leave to thine own Judgment, because thou willt not perhaps much value mine. I have heard great Wonders ascrib'd to Poetical Fiction and Measures, even since the Days of the Great *Orpheus*: Some ingenious Men do confidently affirm, that the *Spanish Monarchy* was ruin'd by *Don Quixot*, the Good Old Cause by *Hudibrass*, the Rye Plotters by *Absalon* and *Achitophel*, the Army on *Hounslow-heath* by *Lilly-bullero*, and the whole System of Popery by the *Country and City Mouse* of *Montague* and *Prior*: This is more than I dare averr; but this I will venture to say, that if the Poetic Tribe could banter the *French* out of the Humour of Fighting for Honor, the *Britains* for Liberty, the *Dutch* for Trade, and the *Germans* for Pay, it would be a very great Work, and by some esteem'd a good Step towards a General Peace. For since all Mankind at present seem to be infected with such a kind of Madness as arises from the Biting of the *Tarantula*, our Author (I presume) thought they must either be cur'd by Music, or dye by Dancing; for Fighting and Dancing are more nearly related, than many do perhaps imagin: I am told very good Authors affirm, That *Pyrrus King of Epyrus*, was not only the Greatest General, but the Best Dancing-Master of his Age; and that the *Pyrric Dance* by him invented, was highly esteem'd by the Antients, but unknown to our Modern *Beaux*: And this may probably be the Reason why the Great Officers of all Armies dress so fine, and teach

The PRINTER to the READER.

teach their Soldiers to step towards the Enemy with a great deal of Art and Ceremony, but leave them to Natural Instinct when they run away. Tho' this unknown Author seems in some Places to be angry with Men of all Parties, yet I presume 'tis only out of good Humor, because they are all too angry at one another, to the Breach of Christian Love and Charity: Which puts me in mind of a Dream, which I either did or ought to have dream'd on the 30th of January last: Methoughts I was in a large Hall, curiously pav'd with Marble; in came a Grave Gentlewoman (I think her Name was M^r Church) with a Tablet in her Hand, in which were the Effigies of all the Moral and Christian Virtues, which made a very glorious Shew: She stumbled at some few Straws which lay in her Way, fell down, and brake the Tablet all to Pieces. Immediately a Crowd of People of all Persuasions, and of all Degrees, rush'd in to gather up the Fragments: The Papists ran away with an Armful of Faith, the Non-juror with Hope, the High-church-man with Truth, the Low-church-man with Prudence, the Presbyterian with Zeal, the Independent with Gravity, and the Deist with Moderation: The London Preachers found Diligence, their Curates Humility, and their Sextons Mortification. The savage Indians went away with Plain-dealing, and the Mahometans with Passive Obedience; the very Atheists took up some broken Pieces of Moral Honesty, but they were too heavy to be carry'd off; but all this time Brotherly Love lay upon the Ground so very Cold, that not one Person there would venture to touch it. If Thou (Gentle Reader) willt employ thy Time in interpreting this Dream, it may be done as well as in solving one of *Tom Goddard's Riddles about a Clock or a Frying-pan. But

*A Norwich Auctioneer, who has lately set up a Printing-office in order to raise a sale of Riddles

I do herein leave Thee to thy Christian Liberty, and wish Thee a Hearty Farewel.

T H E

T H E
B A T T E L
 O F
OUDENARDE.
 A
POEM in Two Canto's.

C A N T O I.

*Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta
 Pulveris exigui, factu compressa quiescent.*

WHAT Man with Thirst of glorious Acts would burn,
 Till Prior's Muses to the Court return ?
 Philip would leave the fertile Fields of Spain
 To hear that Syren of his Loss complain,
 And the Great Lewis half his Conquest lose
 To be the Subject of his tuneful Muse :
 Yet mine inspired with an equal Thought,
 Shall sing those Giants that for Jove have fought ;
 The Gallick Monarch's Fall, his Turns of Fate,
 His Deeds of Horrour, and his Tricks of State :
 Each gen'rous Soul the brave Attempt shall greet,
 And Boyleau sprawling lye beneath his Feet,

Boyleau the first of all th' inspired Train,
To sing the Glories of his Master's Reign,
The Wars of Brabant, and the Cheats of Spain ;
The Names of Good and Great with Art confound,
And in soft Numbers all our Senses drownd :
Bright were his Joys, when on *Almanza's* Plain
He saw the rising Mountains of the Slain ;
The Western Treasures flow into his Purse,
And bubbled *Spaniards* their own Follies curse :
He saw a * Tempest from the *Alps* descend,
The ratling Tempest prov'd his greatest Friend,
Proclaim'd his Conquests and inlarg'd his Fame ;
On that Fool's Errand all its Thunder came.
These Sov'reign Cordials eas'd his *Blenheim-Pain*,
And the old Gusts of Blood return'd again ;
In haste he for his Royal Grandsons sent,
And thus reveal'd to them his high Intent :
My Sons, (said he) in whom alone do shine
The glitt'ring Virtues of the *Bourbon-Line*,
Oh that I could Myself in You behold,
And stamp my Image on your Virgin-Gold ;
Gladly I would my brightest Fame resign,
That I might live in yours, as You now live in mine :
When I was Young in Me alone were seen
The *Cæsar*, *Richlieu*, and the *Mazarine* ;
But Pedant *Richlieu* fell into Disgrace,
And *Cæsar* gave to *Mazarine* his Place ;
Hence apt for Council, but for War unfit,
I conquer'd Nations by the Dint of Wit ;
With *Spanish* Gold the *Spanish Indies* bought,
And with a *British* King against the *Britains* fought.
Oh that I could those Years renew again,
When by meer Slight of Hand I stole *Lorrain*,

* Siege of
Thoulon.

And

And sent her Duke upon a nobler Work,
To save the *German* and confound the *Turk* !

A sable Curtain round my Head I drew
Of dusky Councils hid from Mortals View,
And thence my flaming Fire-brands I threw :
To Me the lab'ring World for Succour came,
To Me, who kindel'd and increas'd the Flame ;
With raging Causticks I affwag'd the Pain,
And let my Patient Blood in ev'ry Vein :
Now *ANNA*'s Wisdom does those Arts dispel,
And drives them headlong to their native Hell ;
And *Churchill*'s Valour calls Us to the Field,
Where secret Fraud to open Force must yield.

I needs must own, since *Luxemburg* is dead,
The Soul of War is from our Army fled ;
And now its Carckass stinks upon the Ground,
Where noxious Airs and pois'nous Damps abound :
If I for aged *Catinat* should vote,
The World will say that I or he do doat ;
Thus Heroes from the Royal Presence hurl'd,
Become the useless Lumber of the World :
Bavaria's Gamester, boldly throws at All,
And is contented at Our Charge to fall ;
Of shining Wealth and future Fame secure,
As long as Women, Wine, and Dice endure :
Berwick I honour, he is near ally'd
To Grace and Valour by the Mother's Side ;
But why should we to *British* Leaders yield
The brightest Honours of the *Gallick* Field,
Which to the Princes of Our Blood are due,
And wiser Powers have reserv'd for You ?
Boufflers wears empty Thunder in his Name,
And thence his ill-deserved Honours came ;

But *Boufflers* Name can only Boys affright,
And *Villeroy* with Dance the Girls delight ;
But double Ramparts, and a strong Tenail,
Serve the great *Boufflers* for a Coat of Mail ;
Immur'd or Castle'd none more Fierce than he,
And none more Tame when set at Liberty :
The haughty *Villars* will not leave his *Rhine*,
And in a lower Orb vouchsafe to shine ;
But to th' aspiring *Alps* that Fool must go,
To hear the Thunder and to see the Snow :
Decamping *Vendosme* does in Sense abound,
But where is Courage with much Thinking found ?
You must your Valour with his Caution join,
And be contented in his Orb to shine ;
For since to *Churchill* none can equal be,
Compell'd by Fate, I must make One of Three.
For Empire born, put on your brightest Charms,
And draw the lovely Fair into your Arms ;
She sometimes kind, and sometimes coy appears ;
Flatters our Youth, but scorns our riper Years :
Do You (My Sons) this noble Chace renew,
Through Seas of Blood the flying Fair pursue ;
Though to the Altar She for Aid repair,
Let not your Hands the guilty Altar spare,
But seize the Lovely Prey,---- or leave Her bleeding there.
Thus spake the Monarch, with an Air of Pride :
And thus the Great *Burgundian* Duke reply'd ;
Great Monarch, born by Nature to advance
The blooming Glories of thy Native *France*,
We know your Councils are divinely good,
Though by Us Mortals little understood ;
I thought the Genius of the Gallick Throne
Had been oblig'd to wait on Me alone,

Bless all my Conquests with Eternal Fame,
And tack my Father's Greatness to my Name ;
But You a Tutor for your Sons provide,
As if we could not Run without a Guide :
Must I, adorn'd with Your Majestick Air,
For Orders to a neighb'ring Tent repair,
And find a *Vendosme* and a *Berry* there ?

Shall I proclaim a Fight with Trumpets Blast,
And *Vendosme* tell how long that Fight shall last ?

Or *Berry* bid the Royal Forces stay,
When I conceive 'tis Time to run away ?

Stock-jobbing Gen'rals are a new Device,
A Mushroom-birth, and ruin'd in a trice :
What will the scoffing *Dutch* and *Germans* say,
But that We Three are sent to dance the Hay,
Like the Three Maskers in an *Englifb* * Play ?
If by Joint-stock We Three for Honour trade,
How shall each Man in Justice be repaid ?

Since solid Honour can't divided be,
By equal Shares, and portion'd out to Three :
And if St. *George* must have his proper Share,
The small Remainder is not worth our Care.

Like an old Oak, the Parent of the Wood,
The Brave *Turin* against all Thunders stood ;
His gen'rous Boughs were round about display'd,
And all the Beasts of War lay basking in his Shade :
But who e'er yet a Bunch of Gen'rals knew,

Which near *Burgundia*'s fruitful Vineyard grew ?

A monstrous Birth is to the World disclos'd,

And *Boccoline* and *Matchiavel* are pos'd :

Fortune, to whom all lesser Powers yield,
Loves the thick Squadrons and the crowded Field ;
The loudest Shouts of War, the largest Shade
By flying Balls and streaming Banners made ;

*Rebersal.

But scorns the meagre Troops of those who trust
To unseen Powers, and a Cause that's just.
To Me (Great SIR) Your num'rous Forces yield,
With all the daring Conduct of the Field ;
And if I seem to shun the dubious Fight,
Or sculk behind the dusky Shades of Night,
Then may----- But here Young *Berry* interpos'd,
Stopt the rash Curse, and thus his Mind disclos'd :
Great SIR, whom Fate for Empire has design'd,
Enlarg'd your Hopes, and monarchiz'd your Mind,
My Brother's Murmurs at your Laws are vain ;
For Three may fight, tho' One alone can reign :
This God-like Prudence all Wise-men adore,
And wish You would create a Dozen more.
Who knows but *Churchill* may receive his Fate,
Smother'd by Numbers, or oppress'd by Weight ?
For what One Captain can His Force withstand,
Who runs like Lightning through our conquer'd Land ?
If One of Us the dubious Fight survive,
Your Army still will have One Head alive :
If *Churchill* by our Weight or Numbers fall,
The rest are Trifles, we are sure of all :
The *Austrian* Eagle, perched upon Fist
Like manag'd Hawk, shall flie where'er You lift ;
And her old Empire tumbling to the Ground,
Shall *Roman* Rights with *Gallick* Laws confound :
The *Belgian* Boors, to give Your Highness ease,
Shall sink their Ships, and dry up all their Seas ;
Vast Tributes of *Pindarick Stanza's* bring,
Honour their God, and love the Name of King :
The *Northern Britains* shall Your Image raise,
With all the Titles of blaspheming Praise ;
Their Kirk for You a solemn League shall make,
And when You please a Thousand Leagues shall break ;

To

To You direct Twelve measur'd Ells of Prayer,
And teach their Children by your Name to swear :
The *Southern Whigs* shall yield their dear-bought Laws,
And all the seeming Justice of their Cause ;
Their Pleas of Rights from Kings to Subjects due,
Their *Magna Charta*, and their Bible too :
To You the *Tory* shall his Church resign,
His Love of Order, and his Love of Wine ;
The much adored Bill which *Seymour* lost,
And all the Projects that *Godolphin* croft ;
And to increase the Wonder of the News,
The Nation shall present You with their Shooes :
Burnet to You shall Cope and Mitre bring,
And in Fanatick Querpo crown You King ;
The Nonconformists to St. *Paul's* repair,
To hear *TE DEUM* sung in *Latin* there,
Devoutly fighing at a Form of Prayer :
Goldsmiths and Bankers shall together meet,
And throw their useless Treasure at your Feet,
On Promise to receive their own again
As soon as *Mexico* arrives at *Spain* :
Summers for You shall tuneful Lays indite,
And *Dav'nant* in Defence of Conquest write ;
Savoy shall from the towring *Alps* descend,
And match another Daughter to his Friend ;
The *Turk* at last shall by your Forces fall,
Or make a Will and leave You Heir to All,
The small Remainder of the conquer'd Ball :
The Pope bid *Peter* his old Friend adieu,
And owe his triple Crown to none but You ;
The *Cham* and *Czar* ----- The Youth was adding more,
When *Vendosme's* Trumpet sounded at the Door :
The neighing Steeds, impatient of Delay,
Proclaim'd the first Approaches of the Day ;

And

And Flutes and Hautboys warbling in the Air,
Bid the fierce Warriours for the Fight prepare :
Lewis himself with these melodious Strains,
Felt a new Vigour slide into his Veins ;
And had not Age his Martial Heat restrain'd,
Another *Mons* and *Namure* had been gain'd :
But the young Boys transported with Delight,
Mount their barb'd Steeds, and hasten to the Fight ;
But how they there were tost, disgrac'd, and vext,
Shall be the lofty Subject of the Next.



T H E

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 CANTO II.

THE Muse must now ascend, and boldly stray
 Through the large Pastures of the Milky Way ;
 Where never Mortal Muse has trod before,
 Since *Virgil's* enter'd and made fast the Door ;
 To Mortals View immortal Council bring,
 And sing the Glories of her GOD and KING.

From the vast Regions of Eternal Light,
 Beyond th' alternate Waves of Day and Night,
 To view the Earth the Great JEHOVAH came,
 Swift as the Flashes of a new-born Flame :
 Cherub and Seraph in His Charriot join'd,
 Out-stript the tardy Motions of the Wind ;
 These Vapours springing from the stupid Earth,
 Retain the native Dulness of their Birth,
 Nor can with those Cœlestial Forms contend,
 Who with a greater Swiftness reach their End ;
 Down the Aerial Precipice they run,
 And leave the labouring----- Sun
 With Blushes in his Face to see himself out-done.

Vide Psal. 18.

The lofty Mountains first their Maker knew,
And from His Presence modestly withdrew,
Or like small Atoms seem'd whilst He appear'd in View ;
The raging Billows of the foaming Main,
Rose up and bow'd upon their Wat'ry Plain,
Then to their hollow Seats return'd again :
But Earth inspired with a nobler Thought,
A Thousand *Aetna*'s to her Maker brought ;
With Joy the burning Mounts together meet,
And smoke, and roar beneath their Maker's Feet.
Here the Almighty fixt His awful Tent,
And thence to all His Royal Mandate sent :
The Guardian Angels round about Him throng,
To whom Crown'd Heads and Scepter'd Hands belong,
Whom Heaven calls her Ministers of State,
Leaders of War, and Charrioteers of Fate.

The Guardian Angel of the *German* Race,
Claim'd the first Honours in this sacred Place ;
Large were his Limbs, but render'd stiff by Age,
And warlike Courage far remov'd from Rage ;
His mistick Vests with golden Flowers shine,
The Matter vulgar, but the Work divine ;
(Such Gold as was by Heav'nly Chimists made
Before we Interlopers spoil'd the Trade)
Upon his Head such Mounts of Snow appear,
As Heaven sends to crown the dying Year ;
His Visage comely, and his Gesture grave ;
Divinely Modest, and serenely Brave :
His lesser Princes round about him stood,
Like the tall Monarchs of an antient Wood,
Whose broken Bark and whither'd Boughs declare
Their Want of inward Sap, or outward Care :

Six Milk-white Eagles in his Charriot meet,
And Moons divided shine beneath his Feet.

Next him (uncall'd) the *Gallick Genius* came,
His Vestments shining with a brighter Flame ;
A Crimson Cloak about his Loins was spread,
And Crowns of Lillies nodded on his Head ;
The Crimson seem'd from real Wounds to flow,
Such as we Mortals are forbid to know,
But yet so well by Heav'nly Art exprest,
That gaping *Hochstet* open'd half his Breast :
Great was the Power of his conqu'ring Arms,
And great the Magick of his secret Charms ;
The mighty Champion was by Heaven made
To force by Conquest, or by Art persuade :
A flaming Falchion from his Side he drew,
And far away the useless Scabbard threw ;
This warlike Posture seem'd divinely Great,
And he the Master of all human Fate ;
Some captive Princes glitter'd in his Train,
Who prais'd the Weight and Brightnes of their Chain :
On a tall Steed they saw the Warriour ride,
And tatling Fame ran prating by his Side.

Next him the *Brittisb Genius* took his Place,
With more than Female Beauties in his Face ;
His lofty Head above the rest he rear'd,
And the whole *ANNA* in his Looks appear'd ;
An Azure Garment mixt with lovely Green,
Adds a bright Lustre to his charming Mien ;
Upon his Head a wondrous Crown he wore,
And such as Heaven never saw before,

The triple Frames so join'd, a Man would swear
 A *COWPER* or *GODOLPHIN* had been there,
 Or *TOWNSHEND*'s artful Hand had eas'd the Workmens Care.
 These flaming Gemms with baser Stones unite,
 Yet both conspire in one common Light.
 He Six White Lyons in his Charriot drove,
 But tame and gentle as the Birds of Love ;
 Rul'd by the secret Force of inbred Laws,
 They feel no Tyrant Bridle in their Jaws :
 Before the Coach some *Irish Genii* go,
 Nimble of Foot, in Understanding flow.

After a Trumpet sounded by a Fame,
 Into the Room the *Spaniſh* Monarch came ;
 His Grandeur was by stately Mien exprest,
 And Flaming Suns adorn'd his shining Vest ;
 The Flaming Suns a steady Course pursu'd,
 And as they ran the lab'ring World renew'd ;
 So that in him to Heav'nly Eyes appear,
 The various Forms and Dresses of the Year :
 A curious Girdle round his Waste he wore,
 Which a rude Tempest from a Rainbow tore ;
 His Shooes were made of that stupend'ous Shell,
 Where the slow Tortoise is content to dwell ;
 Upon two Balls made of Cœlestial Wood,
 But tott'ring Balls, this Western Champion stood :
 Thus two officious Worlds together meet,
 Proud of the Honour to support his Feet :
 An heavy Crown upon his Head he wore,
 Of that bright Metal which we Men adore ;
 But propt by Lyons of the *Brittiſh* Race,
 Imprest new Beauties on his aged Face :
 Some *Indian Genii* ran before him bare,
 And Western Whirlwinds brought him in a Chair.

When

When thus the ALMIGHTY spoke :

Behold (said He) with what an Air of Pride
The *Gallick* Troops to their own Ruin ride ;
See how they furl those Colours in the Air,
Which *Brittisb* Guards to *Britain's* QUEEN shall bear :
Thus Bridal Nymphs in costly Robes appear,
When the sad End of all their Joys is near.
France the great Butcher of the World below,
Proud with the Honours of that Place does grow,
Which We in Anger on Our Foes bestow.
With what soft Musick does that Dame invite
Her Sons of War to perish in the Fight !
Yet since the Seas of Blood which She hath spilt,
Are more the Nations Folly than their Guilt,
Bubbl'd by Kings who laugh at Nature's Laws,
And with the loud-mouth'd Cannon plead their Cause,
The Shades of Night her broken Troops shall save,
And hide the Maiden Blushes of the Brave :
But if once more she tempts My Awful Rage,
Or brings new Scenes of Murder on the Stage,
A wild Destruction through all Nature hurl'd,
Shall join her Ruin to the sinking World.

See how the *Britains* with undaunted Mien
Approach the Fight, as if their Hands were clean,
And ev'ry Captain virtuous as his QUEEN !
Yet *Britain's* Sins, if reckon'd up, are more
Than the loose Sands which on the *Lybian* Shore
Rise up to hear the noifie Tempest roar :
What Land but hers has such a pois'nous Juice,
As can a *Toland*, *Hobbs*, or *Blount* produce ?
Such Plants as would another Land defile,
Are there esteem'd the Glories of the Soil ;

In Beds of Dung the noxious Weeds are rais'd,
 Their Flavours relish, and their Colours prais'd ;
 These are the Hectors licens'd by the Age
 To doubt My BEING, and defie my Rage.
 What Pencil can in proper Colours paint,
 The awkard Features of a *Brittis* Saint ?
 Oath-making Statesmen, and Oath-breaking Fools,
 The Scum of Camps, and Refuse of the Schools ;
 When all conspiring in one Fit of Rage,
 Become the pious Butchers of the Age ;
 When Christian Love from Christian Churches fled,
 In Pagan Temples hides her bashful Head :
 To Me *DISSENTERS* Hallelujahs sing,
 But to My Altars bloody Victims bring ;
 Pride, Malice, Envy, in their Mansions dwell ;
 They talk for Heaven, but they act for Hell :
High-flying TORIES praise the Regnant Church,
 But leave Her passive Members in the Lurch ;
 Intent on Pleasure, or intent on Gain,
 Their Hopes are languid, and their Prayers are vain ;
 One Lump of Filth the different Sects are grown,
 Which Heaven disclaims, and Hell disdains to own :
 Yet since She does not for lewd Empire fight,
 Nor in the Blood of slaughter'd Foes delight,
 But Sword in Hand defends the *Austrian* Right,
 For *ANNA*'s Sake her guilty Troops I'll spare,
 And let their Safety be My Angels Care ;
 But all her Hopes of peaceful Rest are vain,
 Whilſt Schism divides the Church, and factious Tumults reign.

Spain is the Anvil of the World's great Trade,
 Where all the impious Tools of War are made ;
 Where poliſht Sins the Silver Shrines infold,
 And Avarice glitters in her Cloth of Gold ;

Where

Where the Church Rampant does the State bestride,
Or on the Back of Passive Monarch ride,
Aw'd by the Terrour of a Mitre'd Pride : }
There Pious Cheats a Thousand Tricks invent
To save the Credit of the Men of *Trent*, }
And sell their Merits when their Stock is spent ;
There *Spaniſh* Gold can *Spaniſh* Vices hide,
And Sin-money is fetled on the Bride ; }
There *INQUISITION* like a Tyrant rules,
By clumſie Priests whom Nature made for Fools ;
Oblig'd by Faith to fight with Common Sense,
With Staves and Clubs they drive the Monster thence : }
There Reason murder'd in the Shamble lies,
Or kept in Prison looses both her Eyes,
Or stretcht on Racks receives the fatal Doom,
To think like *Luther*, but to speak like *Rome* : }
Yet ſince that fertile Land is ſtupid grown,
Both by her Teachers Follies and her own,
Two Crowns upon One Head that Wretch shall bear,
And load her Temples with an endless Care,
Till She can Gold and *Romiſh* Priests despife,
And be contented to be Poor and Wife.

The ſteddy *Germans* their old Vices keep,
They drink all Winter, and all Summer ſleep : }
Yet ſince no Drops of Blood their Garments stain,
But what have ſpouted from a *Turkiſh* Vein,
For Me they fought, for Me the *Gauls* shall Feel
The dire Effects of their revengeful Steel.

HE spoke.----- His Angels to the Fight repair,
To ſee their MAKER's Will performed there :
Soon by the noisie Shouts of War they found,
That bleeding *France* lay gasping on the Ground ;

Her

Her Banks were Captives, her best Leaders slain ;
 Her Squadrons broken, and her Colours ta'en ;
 Here Eugene's Lightnings in their Front appear,
 And there MARLBURIAN Thunders break their Rear.
 Here a young Nassau flashes in her Face,
 And there Great Britain's HEIR pursues the Chace ;
 Here wounded Princes shun the doubtful Fray,
 And there the pointed Cannon stop their Way :
 Vendome himself transported with Delight,
 Beheld the first Approaches of the Night ;
 Where his bright Honour might her Rays display,
 As Glow-worms shine by Night that cannot shine by Day ;
 Like flaming Torch before his Troops it went,
 And shew them all the neareit Way to Ghent :
 A better Guide the injurd Princes Lack,
 For they had Loads of Honour at their Back ;
 Honour which first engag'd them in the Fight,
 And now too basely would prevent their Flight,
 Till far away the useleſſ Toy they threw,
 Like hunted Castors when the Dogs pursue :
 Never were Princely Babes so basely croſt,
 Their Arms, their Honour, and their Supper lost.
 No Ghoſts they fear'd, though Ghoſts about them flew,
 Nor their soft Hands had murder'd very few ;
 So great a Guard does Innocence appear
 Against nocturnal Phantoms rais'd by Fear.
 Our Soldiers Flaming Eyes at first supply'd
 That friendly Light the Moon and Stars deny'd,
 But unſeen Angels to break off the Fight,
 With doubled Speed drove on the ſluggiſh Night :
 Amaz'd at this the Britiſh Army stands,
 And drops the Laurel from the bloody Hands ;
 The French the Signal knew, and hafte away,
 Left the dark Night, and curse the conſcious Day.

F. T. M. S.

